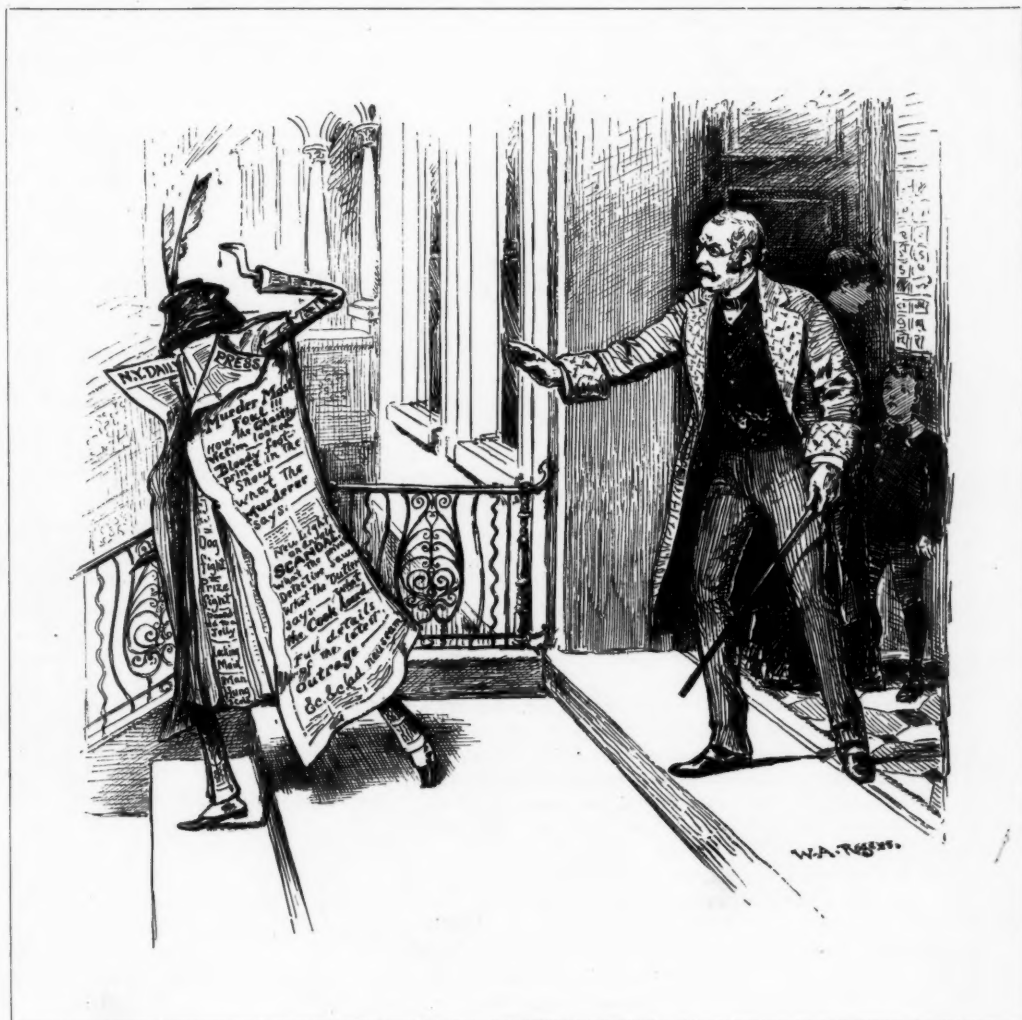


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W.A. TAYLOR.

NO LONGER A WELCOME VISITOR.

*Paterfamilias*: KEEP OUT, SIR! IF MY WIFE AND CHILDREN CAN NOT HAVE THE NEWS OF THE DAY WITHOUT YOUR RECORD OF CRIME AND FILTH THEY SHALL DO WITHOUT IT.





VOL. III. FEBRUARY 7TH, 1884. NO. 58.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

O NOW, forever, farewell the tranquil glue.  
Farewell repairs, farewell the blind Trustees  
Who made archæology easy. O, farewell!  
Farewell the patched-up warrior and gummed priest,  
The wood-tailed pigeon and the Hercules  
Of heterogeneous, unrelated parts;  
The six-toed Venus, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp and circumstance of this museum!  
And O, ye mortal lawyers, whose rude throats  
Have proved these bogus and all counterfeit,  
Farewell! ta, ta! See you much later!  
CESNOLA'S occupation's gone?

“ME and MARY is having a real jolly time over here with the JUKES, and we will play it for all we is worth.”—  
*Griffin.*

THE Chinese and their co-workers in blind faith, the Roman Catholics, had a tilt last week. The Chinese exploded crackers while a priest was saying mass. Priest objected. Preferred noise of his own tom-toms and Latin. Police arrested Chinamen. Chinamen plead that it was their New Year. Judge discharged them and they discharged more crackers. Priest baffled. All forms of idolatry have equal rights here.

IT is very unfortunate that the members of Mr. ARTHUR'S Female Cabinet are so inharmoniously excited that dinners and other important affairs of Government are being neglected.

The most important diplomatic matter now before the nation is undoubtedly the relative position of each member of the Female Cabinet in the Blue Room. By special act of Congress, April 27th, 1868, the territory of axminster gillyflowers, bounded by the reps sofa on the north, the etagere with china dogs on the east, and Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN on the south, was ceded to the wife of the Speaker. But as this grant conflicts openly with the provisions of the Constitution, pp. 219, par xi, which declares that the neutral ground lying between the satin ottoman and the door mat shall be inalienably under the immediate control of Mrs.

McELROY, the Supreme Court has considered the act null and void.

Now, however, that Mrs. CARLISLE, Speaker of the House, lays claim, by virtue of her position and new bonnet, to the territory bounded on the north by the rocking-chair, on the east by Mrs. LINCOLN, Secretary of War, and on the south by the lemonade table, it can be seen that the question is one which may involve our treaty with Great Britain, and perhaps seriously affect our diplomatic relations with Hoboken and Oconomowoc. To complicate matters still further, Mrs. MILLER, Senior Chief Justice, has issued a writ of mandamus on Marshal McMICHAEL, to show cause why he should not vacate the government reservation lying between the sandwiches on the west, and the cuspidor with its several tributaries on the south and east.

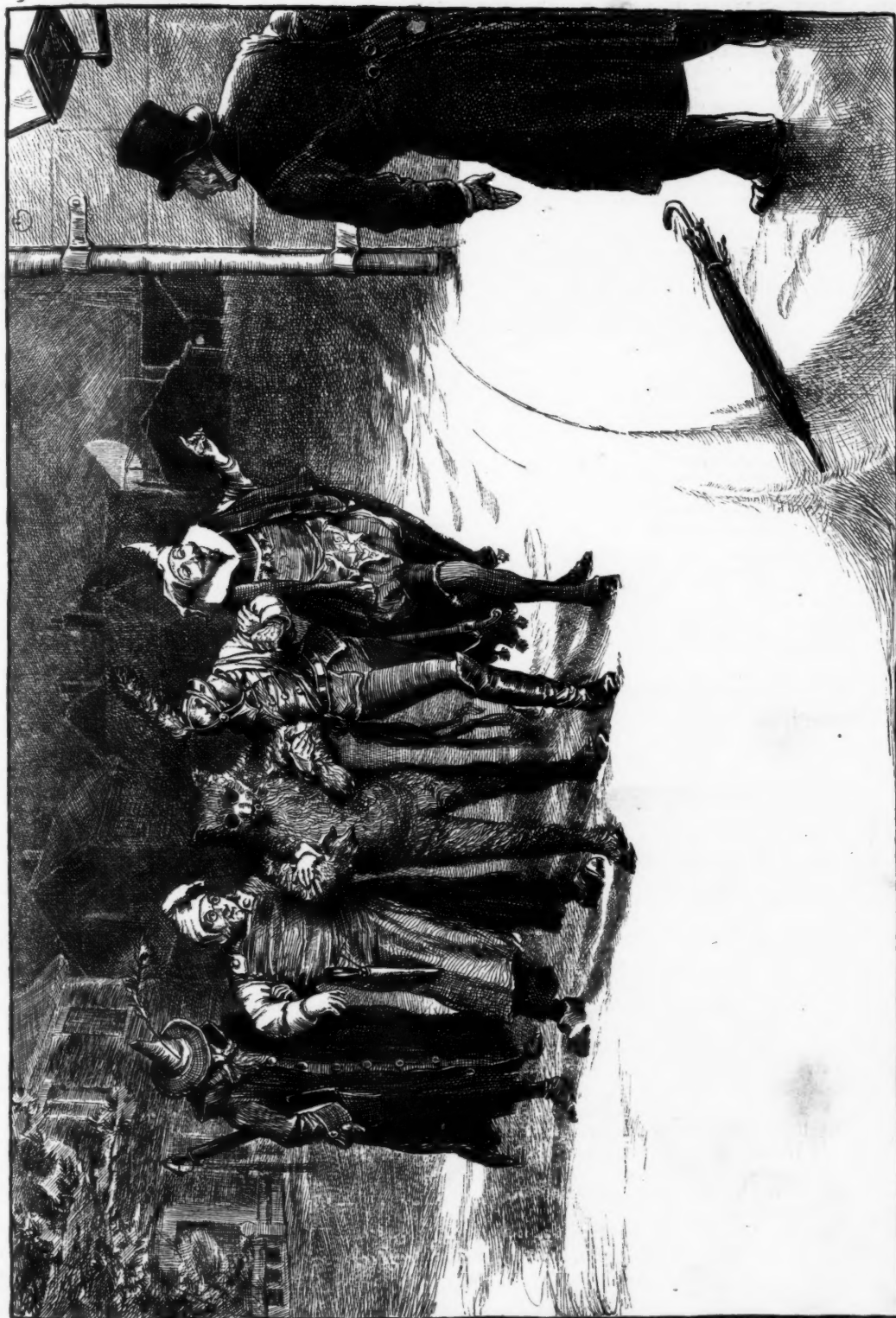
Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN, Secretary of State, is naturally opposed to this, but cannot legally cross the McELROY boundary without special powers of Congress, while on the other hand, Mrs. McELROY, Senior Chief Justice, has issued injunctions covering most of the Persian rug and not a little of the mohair sofa. It is not improbable that Mr. ARTHUR will be compelled to submit the intricate questions involved to the arbitrations of the Congress of Foreign Powers.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, referring to a recent entertainment in this city, says: “All the people of rank in the city were present.” This is glorious news, especially as our esteemed contemporary subjoins a list of the rank persons who, to use the words of the happy but bewildered reporter, “graced the occasion.” There have been a great many rank dinners given in the metropolis, one way or another, but the fact has never been so cheerfully stated before.

MADAME GERSTER has refused to sing any longer with Col. MAPLESON. The confirmation of this terrible news must appal the stoutest heart. What, with Mr. ARNOLD'S lectures, the Chicago criticisms on Mr. IRVING and the prospect of another operatic war, it really seems as though the country was doomed.

THE Stock Exchange wishes to move to Union Square; but RUFUS HATCH is opposed to it. The Exchange seems to have insurmountable obstacles thrown in the way of its project.

THE remark of Captain WRIGHT, extensively quoted, that “God only knows the cause of the accident to the City of Columbus,” is very soothing to the friends and relatives of the hundred dead. Still, it is believed that a little human knowledge on the night of the disaster might have robbed both sea and ice of their victims. Sympathy with such brutal carelessness is clearly out of place.



3 A. M.

Deacon S. (who would not allow his wife to attend the fancy dress ball, has returned unexpectedly) : PLEASE BE QUIET, GENTLEMEN, AS MY WIFE IS NOT WELL, AND—  
 End Reveller : NOT WELL (hic) ; MUST BE SOMETHING SUDDEN ! P'RAPS SHE DID OVERDO IT A LITTLE TO-NIGHT. SHE (hic) SAILED RIGHT IN.

Gentleman in Bear Skin (soliloquizing) : YES, SHE'S A TEARER.  
 N. B.—The Deacon's wife is twenty-eight years his junior.



## SIR LEFEL GRIFFIN, K. C. O. S.\*

**K**NIGHT Commander of the Order of the Star  
Of India, you scintillate, you scar  
Philistia, where late a guest you were,  
But where your advent made no special stir;  
We scarcely knew that in our chair you'd been  
Until therein we found your treacherous pin  
Most cunningly contrived to make us grin.

But let the smartish libel serve its aim:  
To sound an obscure, bureaucratic name,  
And scare a bigger than your jungle game.  
Small wonder that a swinger of the lash  
O'er Indian shores should think us social hash  
"Despair of Statesmen," worshipers of Cash;  
That British "enterprise" should contemplate as bane  
Our sordid souls, our low, mean love of gain.

You call us Russian—that's a compliment,  
Although we hope some subtle sneer was meant.  
'T would almost seem a doubtful courtesy  
To liken us in any other way  
To England's great and mortal enemy,  
Flushing with youth, and eager in her might  
To give the Lion his full of Eastern fight.

In puling infancy we felt his paw,  
Yet managed, some way, to escape his maw;  
For which he'll hold us ever in disgrace—  
No more will switch his tail across our face,  
Or give the cheaper guerdon of a growl:  
We're left to fight his insects with a towel.

But since your quill has pricked the Western fraud,  
No longer squirm, if oft ourselves we laud.  
You call us "Scum of Europe;" you expose  
Our women—"All are not so fair as those  
Who dazzle princes," in your humid clime,  
Yet—wonder!—"scape suspicion of a crime.  
And while we strive to be as churlish, mean,  
As you insist you are, "when closer seen  
We're small in soul and only great in size"—  
A hollow spectre frightening British eyes:  
Perhaps our fault is that our scare-crow play  
Has dread enough to keep a lion at bay.

C. C. BUEL.

\* See "A Visit to Philistia," in the January *Fortnightly*.

THE BEST GARDEN GAIT.—A walk.

A CHURCH FAIR.—The "daisy" in the choir.

A RING leader.—The conductor of a troupe of bell-ringers.



## CRÉPUSCULOUS.

*Amateur Tenor (just from Paris):* AND HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF GOUNOD'S "CRÉPUSCULE"?

*Unmusical Young Lady:* O DEAR! NO, HOW DREADFUL; IS IT ANYTHING LIKE SPINAL MENINGITIS?

## SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

**U**NDER the auspices of the Hon. the Secretary of her Majesty's bedroom and chambers,  
A few eldest sons of the first families of the United States will be received as pages in the lower benches of St. Andrew-on-the-Strand School.

Terms, £80 for the first year of 11 months.

Every boy must bring a certificate signed by the English minister in Washington, or a sworn affidavit of the American ambassador in London.

No son of a Northern Democratic politician actually engaged in politics will be admitted.

Apply in handwriting of father to the Hon. H. B. B. K., Clarkenwell station, P. O., Windsor, England.

**A**N English lady of unquestionable position, living in a Cathedral town will consent to receive into her family a young American girl desirous of finishing her education.

Great pains will be taken to correct her American accent, and the want of true polish of her American manners.

Use of carriage and footman included.

A very high price will be asked, and indubitable references of the American family will be required.

Address, Rector of N. L. B. Academy, P. O. box 213, East Stratford, near Burlingham, England.

BELLA.

HARDLY old enough to read!  
Never mind, there 'll come a need—  
Waste no fears;  
Perhaps some lover will be glad  
To copy verses that you had  
At six years.

"Softest eyes of changing blue,"  
"Where the light of love peeps through,"  
He will say,  
And "that your curls are tipped with gold,"  
And "that the sunbeams are too bold"  
In their play.

He will kiss your hands and hair  
And discover here and there  
Beauties new.  
Then he 'll tell you last of all  
What I tell you while you're small:  
"I love you."

What your charms were in the ore,  
What a lover said before,  
You can show.  
And surely he can have no fears  
Of what I told you at six years,  
Long ago!

H. P. C.

"WHAT 's in an aim?" remarked Jones as he fired  
at a burglar and put a bullet through the hall clock.

It is not strange that a young Englishman who  
plays cricket becomes a well-bread man since he be-  
gins as batter.

*Meum et tuum*—"Me too."

DIVERTISSEMENT A L'HARVARD.

MR. PHILIP DELPHIA was the only scion of  
an old and aristocratic Pennsylvania family and  
had been sent to Harvard in the nineteenth year of his  
age with many maternal misgivings which were not  
the less horrible because they were vague. An era in  
Madame Delphia's younger days had been marked by  
a fortnight's visit to Boston and what she had seen  
and heard during those bewildering weeks had inspired  
her Quaker soul with a curious distrust of the customs  
and manners of Massachusetts women. How could  
she resign her unsuspecting Philip into the hands of  
the superfluous seventy thousand, without many a  
qualm of anxiety and suspense? The problem was a  
source of more reasoning than had ever interrupted  
her secluded life before; but since Philip must needs  
acquire an education and that *eclat* which a Harvard  
degree bestows upon its fortunate possessor, she nerved  
herself to make the sacrifice, and the young scion of  
the house of Delphia set foot in Cambridge on a fine  
September day, armed *cap-a-pie* against the dreaded  
feminine Philistines with a thousand well-instilled pre-  
judices.

His Freshman year went quickly by, and at its close  
he returned to his fond mamma heart-whole, and  
thoroughly scornful of the few uninteresting girls  
whom he had met. "You were right, mamma," he  
cried with energy, "Boston girls are all that you  
warned me I should find them; plain, blunt in man-  
ner, and yet with a designing slyness about them which,  
thanks to your dear caution, I observed and fought  
shy of at once. Do not fear for me; I scoff at ro-  
mance and sentiment, and my heart is as stone!" And  
Madame Delphia lifted up her be-jeweled fingers in  
thanks to the gods that they had spared her only  
son.

But autumn came about again, and Philip returned  
to his college haunts, a gay and jolly Sophomore. He  
was a handsome, graceful fellow, with a fanciful turn  
of thought and a picturesque manner of saying what  
he had to say, and he grew daily in social popularity  
until his presence at a german or tea became necessary  
to stamp it as *au fait*. Here he fell in with those  
older, more experienced Cambridge belles, who hav-  
ing been handed on like traditions from class to  
class for some years, knew well which trump  
to play to take a trick, and counted their  
transient victims by the score. But shrewd young  
Philip, with his mother's oft-repeated warnings ringing  
in his ears, laughed at their charms and coolly defeated  
every manœuvre with a *nonchalance* that only in-  
creased the number of his admirers. Alas! there was  
a day—a luckless day—when he met with the lovely  
Miss Nougât, and his fate was sealed. He was walk-  
ing. She was walking, with that peculiar grace of  
motion which in olden times was considered an  
attribute of divinity. He passed her. She turned a  
bewitching face full upon him, and Mr. Delphia felt a  
convulsive happiness down to the very pointed toes of  
his shoes. He sought her acquaintance, and she, in  
her turn, plied him with little attentions; gave teas, that  
she might sip a cup of orange Pekoe by his side, and  
germans, that she might lead with him in the intricate  
figures of the dance. He drove with her in a jolting  
village cart, and gracefully parried the pretty conver-  
sational thrusts that she gave him now and then. For  
Miss Nougât was all accomplished. She touched the  
banjo with skilful fingers; she quoted bits of French  
and German verse with the most enticing accent in the  
world; she even perpetrated little poems of her own  
now and then; and talked cleverly enough in a voice  
which had hardly a *souffron* of the American twang.  
Her epigrams were things to be remembered, and her  
*bon mots* were talked of weeks after their spice had  
fled. Altogether, she was brilliant enough to have  
turned the head of Lycurgus himself; and Philip  
Delphia, in his youth and inexperience, afforded her a  
capital opportunity for experiment. Day after day she  
sought to attract his interest and affection, and felt a  
thrill of gratification when she saw the quick color in  
his cheek and his firm lips tremble when she uttered  
soft, sentimental nothings and met his brown eyes with  
a glance of violet mischief from her own. At last, the  
climax came. It was on a miraculous Tuesday, and  
the air was filled with the perfume of drifting blossoms



A. D. 3904

STATUE FOUND  
IN THE RUINS  
OF NEW YORK,  
AND RESTORED  
BY GEN. FRAS-  
CATI DI MACCA-  
RONI.

IT THROWS  
MUCH LIGHT  
UPON THE COS-  
TUMES OF AMER-  
ICAN WARRIORS  
OF THE XIX.  
CENTURY.

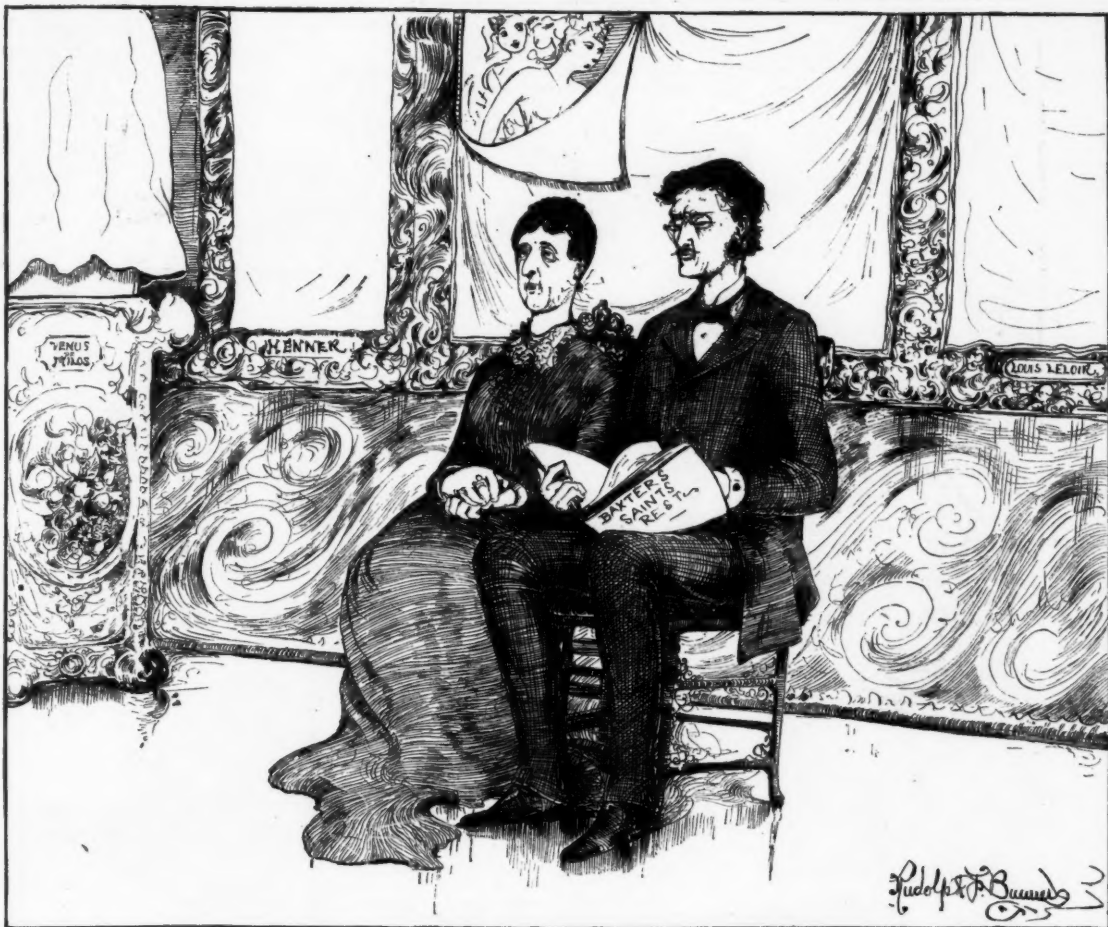
and rose leaves. Philip had been playing tennis with Miss Nougât in the sunny court, and, after a closely-contested love-set, they had strolled aside to rest for a while in a little vine-covered arbor, rackets in hand. Miss Nougât had never looked more beautiful. Her head, which strikingly resembled that on the new five-cent piece in the exquisite grace of its poise, was sharply defined against the green background of leaves, and the wind had blown her soft hair into delicate curls about her face. Philip, too, was handsome as a god; his clear, brown cheek was flushed with the warmth of exercise, and his eyes shone with unwonted fire. Miss Nougât could restrain herself no longer, and drawing closer to him, she murmured, gently: "A love-set! Ah me! And yet I do n't know that I mind playing love-sets with you, Mr. Delphia. There is something delightfully typical about it—suggestive of Cupid and that sort of thing, you know. O dear, Mr. Delphia! sometimes in my wildest, dreamiest musings I have dared to think that you do not look upon me unfavorably; that the sweet vibrations of my heart are

correspondent to similar vibrations of your own; that the affection I have for you may not be unreciprocated. Mr. Delphia! Philip! Look at me! Speak! May I hope?" And Miss Nougât caught in her own the ivory fingers of that aristocratic Delphia hand, and waited eagerly for a reply to her impassioned appeal. All the subdued coquetry of Philip's nature was roused to life; and as he withdrew his hand from the fond Nougât grasp, and sought to hide his blushes behind his racket, he felt a thrill of delight and was about to steal a shy glance at the fair wooer, when suddenly the clock in the distant church tower told forth the hour of four, P. M. The charm was broken—he remembered to have heard a clock in his own home strike that hour, years before, and he seemed to see his doting mother, and to hear her imploring voice as she cautioned him against the wickedness of Massachusetts girls. Heavens! He was saved, but by what a narrow chance! He rose, and looking steadily at the lovely creature who sat awaiting his reply in keen suspense, he said: "Dear Miss Nougât, do not think me lost to all sense of modesty and manliness when I tell you that I have long suspected the tendency of your attentions, and have wished, O, so heartily, to be able to respond as you could wish, but my dear Mamma who foresaw the dangers to which my innocent inexperience would be exposed, and dreaded my being snapped up by a Massachusetts harpy, entreated me not to yield to any misguided affection and pledge my hand without her consent. My dear Miss Nougât, believe me, I feel for you as a sister, and must confess that a purely platonic friendship with you would be most agreeable—but I cannot marry you! I adore you; I shall never forget you; but matrimony, alas! is a Paradise we cannot enter together. Adieu! Farewell! Dear Mamma! I have been guided by your advice, but my heart is torn with anguish!" and with these words Philip Delphia cast one last, long look at Miss Nougât, who was sobbing in grief and broken spirit, and, seizing his racket, flung out of the garden and tore down the street.

Presently Miss Nougât rose, and walked with hesitating steps to the gate, and saw of her lost Philip only the soles of a pair of tennis shoes, and those, too, in perspective. She gazed and gazed until her great violet eyes were filled with tears, and her rosy lips just parted as she murmured softly, "I wonder if he knew that Grandpapa Cordonier left me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Government bonds?"

Just a year after this painful and affecting scene had occurred in Cambridge, a fair June sun was shining in Southern Pennsylvania, and a gentle June breeze was blowing through the pleasant quiet of a cemetery. In a dim, rose-perfumed corner there rose a granite shaft, and at its foot a gray-haired woman in the costliest of crape and Henrietta cloth was bowed in grief. She mourned a son, an only son;—and finally stumbling to her feet, she leaned to trace with tear-dimmed eyes and a long, thin finger of black undressed kid the carved inscription on the monument, which ran as follows:





### QUERY.

DO THOSE SAINTLY SPIRITS WHO OBJECT TO OPENING THE ART MUSEUMS ON SUNDAY CARRY OUT THEIR PRINCIPLES IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN HOMES?

PHILIP,  
LAST HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF DELPHIA,  
Departed July 4, 18—,  
In Massachusetts.  
He was proposed to by  
One of 70,000 Superfluous Women,  
Succumbed to the Shock,  
and  
DIED  
Two Weeks After.  
O, Reader,  
Go not to Massachusetts,  
Lest ye too  
Do Likewise!

\* \* \*

M. E. W.

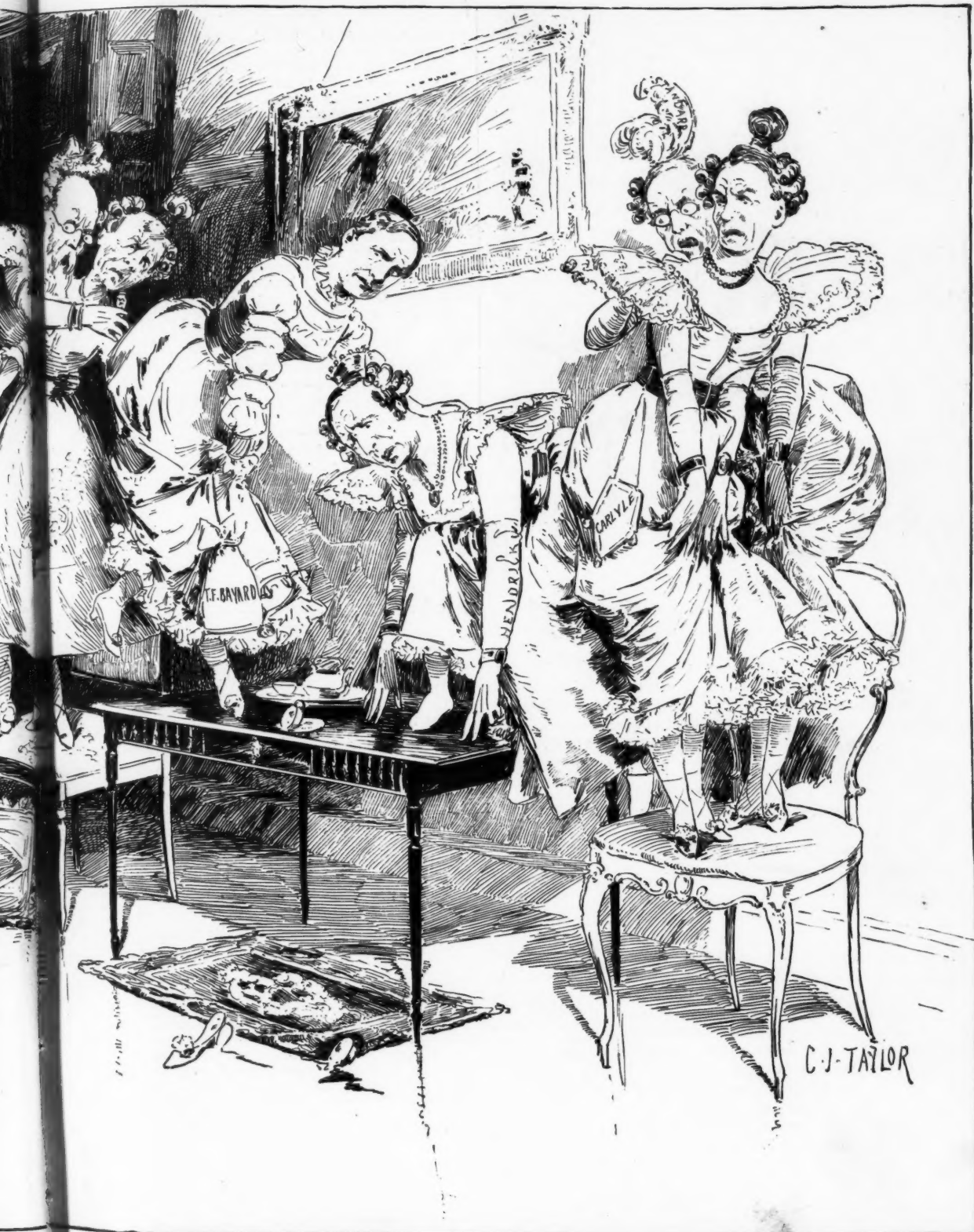
O! AND O! cried a pensive maid,  
To-day I am twenty-one;  
Affairs are looking gloomy now,  
Something will have to be done!  
I think I almost could marry  
A man of some lower rank—  
A millionaire, or a viscount,  
Or the owner of a bank!

A YOUNG tyro in literature writes to ask if a Poets' corner tends to raise the price of poetry. Decidedly NO.

INCOMPATIBILITY is often alleged as the cause of marital infelicity. In such cases incompatibility generally means no ability as regards income.









YOUNG Roger de Coverly Green  
Loved a maiden of blushing sixteen;  
No wonder she blushed,  
By mendacity crushed,  
She was born in 1813.

But Roger was taught to believe  
That a nice girl could never deceive;  
Caught first in her mesh,  
He declared her quite fresh,  
And vowed he would unto her cleave.

Now Roger is reckoned a sage,  
For she died, did his bride of old age;  
And she left him a pile,  
Which her Pa made in "ile,"  
And her parrot preserved in a cage.

#### N. Y.

IF the citizens of this city cannot spare the money for a pedestal to the Bartholdi statue it is certainly time for an appeal to the country at large. If that fails we can try England. We already have a world-wide reputation for wealth and vulgarity, and a general passing around of the hat would lend an air of humility that might do much toward improving our good name. As a city we have no good name to lose, and Public Spirit is not our besetting sin. Neither are we over sensitive, but it requires a thick hide to ignore the impression we are making in this affair. The fol-

#### OVER-EDUCATION.

THE danger of trying to teach young children more than one thing at a time was recently illustrated by little Horace whose Aunt Jane was endeavoring to teach him his prayers, while another aunt was teaching him a popular song; with the result that at night Horace prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.  
'But for goodness' sake do n't say I told you.'"

"E'en tho' it be."  
She spread her bread with oleomargarine.  
She oiled her nose with vasel  
She fixed her hair with bandol  
She fried her cakes in butter  
She filled her lamp with keros  
Exit Carol

A MAN of means.—The moderate man.

THE mourning star.—The actor who has lost his popularity.

THE Government intends sending out another north-polar expedition, to consist of one man in a tub with a broomstick for a propeller. There will be no supplemental orders.

"We never speak as we pass by."  
We have exchanged cooks.

"STOLEN kisses sweetest are" is a favorite song in Flushing, L. I.

ARTHUR DOVELY (*presenting his girl a plate and fifty cards on her birthday*):  
"After you have used the cards you can have some more struck off. The plate ought to last you all your life!"

ASTRONOMICAL STUDY FROM "THE AVERAGE MAN," CHAP. V: "She (Isabel) sat with her eyes on her lap, and fingered thoughtfully the roses in her bouquet. She carried but one now (eye?); the other had been long since consigned to the table as too handsome."

lowing extract from a Montreal paper was reprinted in the *Boston Transcript* and needs no comment:

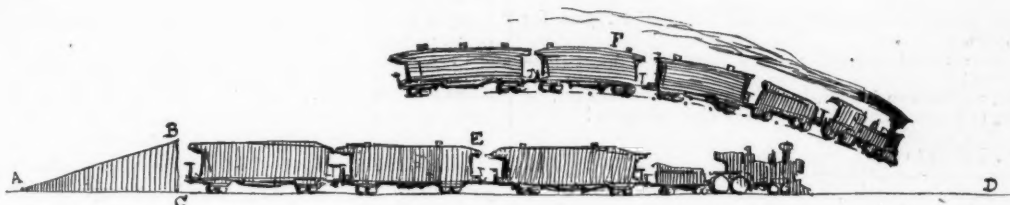
A disgusting spectacle is this rich people too mean and too ill-bred to conduct themselves with common decency on such an occasion. Americans even carry their cynicism and ingratitude so far that they do not hesitate to jeer at their benefactress. One of their journals declares that "this affair is somewhat ridiculous, and that the statue, if put up, might not satisfy the artistic taste of the country." And so France has simply rendered herself ridiculous in the eyes of these people, who are largely indebted to her for the foundation of their country, because she has offered them a present! And they have the indecency to criticize the gift itself, which "may not satisfy the artistic taste of the country."



## SCIENTIFIC

THE following device, designed by our special railway engineer, will be found vastly superior to the double track method of collision employed on most roads now operated in this country.

E (see accompanying plate) is the accommodation train—let us say for Morristown, New Jersey—and moving at the rate of 20 miles an hour. F is the limited theatrical express, conveying excited persons to—let us say Orange, N. J., to see the Romance of a Poor Young Man. It is behind time, and is moving at the rate of 58 miles an hour. By the old system, it will be at once seen, a collision and a coroner's jury would be



he inevitable result when train F caught up with train E on the track D. But by the proposed system, train F strikes the inclined platform A B C, and by its momentum, which according to Ohm's law is inversely as to the square of the distance to Hoboken, and on the well-known principle that the angle of incidents in the next day's paper is quite equal to the angle of accidents on the road, moves rapidly from A to B, and thence, describing a trajectory, strikes the track D at a certain point not exactly determined, and arrives in Orange on time. The superior angle of the inclined plane A B being made of vulcanized rubber embedded in a mass of chilled steel springs, the requisite amount of bounce will be given to train F, enabling it to clear the train E without disturbing the gentlemen in train E, who are struggling for a jack-pot in the smoker. Patent applied for, and local rights for sale in Europe, Asia and Milwaukee.

**A PRIZE PROBLEM IN NAVIGATION.**—Given: One Devil's Bridge, one cold captain, one lookout who does n't look out, a mate who does not comprehend an order, and a warm state-room; mix with three light houses, one steamship and 120 passengers; add a fresh gale and a supply of ignorance or stupidity, or both, sift out the intelligence supposed to exist in every pilot-house, head the steamer for the nearest reef and calculate the result.

THE terror which has struck to the heart of France on hearing that twenty-seven citizens of Greenburg, Pa., met on the 29th and formed a secret brotherhood resolved not to buy French goods until the embargo on pork is removed, can only be equaled by the humiliation of Great Britain over the terrible news that Henry Irving will not be received socially in Milwaukee if he goes there. He is not going, but the fact remains that Milwaukee society will have none of him. We may be a people slow to wrath and vengeance, but, once moved, our vendetta is curdling.

**RECIPE for Cypriote Glue:** Take one verbal commission in the United States Army, given for services never rendered, dissolve in one quart of tears of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, filter, and simmer one-third. Add an Italian title, or, if this may not be genuine, two cubic feet of wind, and apply immediately.

"The water of the holy well at Mecca has been analysed and found to be largely impregnated with foreign substances."—*London Lancet.*

The official analysis is given as follows:

	PARTS.
<i>Bi-borate of Bedouin</i> .....	3.6
<i>Oxide of Mahomet</i> .....	17.3
<i>Ferro-cyanide of dirt</i> .....	371.0
<i>Tartrate of camel</i> .....	9.4
<i>Sub-nitrate of backsheesh</i> .....	3.1
<i>Bromide of Turk</i> .....	109.4
<i>Protiodide of pilgrim</i> .....	78.7
<i>Saracenic acid</i> .....	231.1
<i>Silicate of Sultan</i> .....	a trace
<i>Water</i> .....	176.3
Total.....	1000.0

IT is proposed to lay the telegraph wires under ground. This appears to be a waste of usefulness. At present the system serves as a municipal sunshade and umbrella. Now, if only a million or two of the wires running down any one thoroughfare were laid on the surface, they would form a corduroy road of much beauty and strength, which would recommend itself to the praise of every citizen. It is said that the Western Union, however, is opposed to this plan. The stock finds more moisture higher up.



**TO KILL COCKROACHES.**—Take one pound of beeswax, two ounces of best shellac, melt together, and when at a temperature of 312°, add one ounce of Paris green, and pour in your roaches.

A MAN's berthright.—His sleeping-car ticket.

A BOOTLESS enterprise.—Walking barefoot.

### BARON HONOR.

**I** TELL you, Mrs. Tennyson—Your Ladyship, I mean—  
There are certain things that can't be done, yes, even for the Queen!

I've written up her family, dear knows, from A to Z,  
Or to B, to be exact, but she is growing much too free!

I'm sure I've earned my salary, and pretty hard sometimes.  
Just think of all the names I've had to fit into my rhymes!  
And I've never made objections, when she kept within the bond,  
But the last two things she's asked of me are very far beyond!

She made believe she thought I could not find a rhyme for Brown—  
I have more than half-a-dozen, but I'd scorn to write them down!

She could really go no farther, I thought, than she went then,  
But it seems I was mistaken—she's been after me again!

I declare, I blush to mention what she's tried to set me at—  
She wants a sonnet-epitaph for her Angora cat!  
She gave me the particulars, its name, and age, and ways,  
And she said I could n't possibly say too much in its praise.

I half took off my coronet to throw it on the floor,  
But I thought, suppose she should n't let me have it any more?  
So I curbed my fiery temper—it's hereditary, too—  
And I calmly said, "Your Highness, that's a thing I cannot do.

"I will rhyme for all your children, be it marriage, be it death,  
And I'll rhyme for you, my Empress, with my last remaining breath,  
And I'll even rhyme your grandchildren, though I bargained not for that,  
But how dare you ask a Laureate to write about a cat?"

She quailed; she begged my pardon; she withdrew her bold request;

But the scene was too exciting. I must have a little rest.  
I wish you'd take my coronet—you can hold it in your lap—  
And if any of them call, just say I've gone to take a nap.



CANE SLEIGHING A BELL.



### NOTES OF A WEEK.

**T**HERE was revelry by night on Monday of last week. The theatres blazed with new splendor. Several American plays were fired off simultaneously, and a very good British farce—with a burlesque of two British actors thrown in—was given with unlimited spirit. At the same time a tragic actor from the West made himself visible.

Mr. Bartley Campbell is well known as a distinguished American dramatist. He won his spurs with "My Partner." That is a vigorous, striking play, which, nevertheless, goes to pieces in the closing acts. You know as well as I do how popular it has been; but do you know how irrational it is? Mr. Campbell is, in fact, the least rational of play-writers. So long as he possesses a situation, a character, a subject, he gives little thought to the logic of the thing. He wrote, a few years ago, the clever and interesting drama called "Fairfax." He put much honest talent into that work. Yet "Fairfax" was an incomprehensible arrangement of personages and events. It was based upon a broad impossibility. Mr. Campbell has learned little from rough knocks. A friend of mine assures me that several men and women wept copiously over Mr. Campbell's new play, "Separation," at the Union Square Theatre. At times I too was inclined to weep or laugh. There is humanity in the play. There are bright touches of character, humor and action; there is pathos at moments; but there is no logic, no judgment.

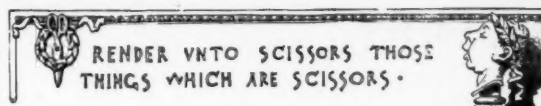
In "Separation" a husband deserts his wife because this poor creature has a taste for amateur concerts. She sings well, and she likes to sing in public for charity. The two have a quarrel, and, while the wife is absent from home, the husband disappears with their infant. On this nonsensical motive Mr. Campbell builds a strained and incoherent play. The husband goes to Europe; the infant reaches the blooming age of sweet sixteen; the husband and wife meet at Trouville, Normandy. The husband seems to believe that his wife has been unfaithful to him. The wife, it is shown, has been exceedingly faithful to him, though she has exhibited herself as an operatic singer. Yet, in spite of the fact that she has done nothing to cause shame, this wife bows her head when her husband defies her to make herself known to their child. The fourth and fifth acts of Mr. Campbell's play repeat the dramatic intention of the third act. Mr. Campbell has one situation—which, by the way, is taken from Sardou's "Odette"—and he makes the most of it. The husband in this piece is a Puritanical prig. The wife is uncommonly fatuous. It is impossible to understand two human beings who are obstinately stupid, wrong-headed, and extravagant. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell would like to have us sympathise with them. "Separation" is finely acted at the Union Square Theatre by Mr. Chas. Coghlan, Mr. Parselle, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Stoddart, Miss Ellsler, Miss Harrison, and other excellent players. Miss Eleanor Carey, who does the part of the mother, is less satisfactory.

Mr. John Stetson got out his Derrick last week. That is to say, he produced the popular play, "Confusion," which was written by an Englishman, named Joseph Derrick. Who this particular Joseph is I cannot tell you. But "Confusion" is an amusing piece, in which a baby and a pug dog have impressive parts. It is a mild farce, and is acted with joyous, brilliant spirit. But "Confusion" is not alone upon the bill of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This farce is preceded by a burlesque, in which Mr. Henry E. Dixey gives a remarkably bright imitation of Irving as Shylock, while Miss Florence Gerard—a charming little English actress—imitates Miss Terry.

Celia Logan relieved her mind again by producing "That Man" at the New Park Theatre. That particular man against whom Miss Logan bears a severe grudge is a villainous Belgian who marries an American girl and disappears gaily, only to turn up again in his own comedy, as the husband of a Belgian woman. There is some lively action when the three characters meet. Finally, when the complication begins to be painful, "That Man" kills himself—and it is felt that he is singularly just to himself. This is not a bad play of its kind, and Mrs. Agnes Booth acted the part of the American wife with abundant vigor.

Mr. Tom Keene, who came and went suddenly at Niblo's, is by no means a "wild Western actor," as some have called him. He has certainly made a reputation for himself in the West, and I suppose that he can act many parts as badly as most men can act them. But his Richard III. is a thoughtful, strong performance, exceedingly picturesque, rather subtle, and always interesting.

G. E. M.



TO the boy with a toy pistol—It's a wise child that knows its own popper.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE mirthful if somewhat malicious satire which Mr. Attwood applies to the preacher of "sweetness and light" is admirably drawn. LIFE, by the way, grows more sparkling with every number, and proves, if any proof were needed, that it is entirely possible to be amusing and decent at the same time. The two conclusions given this week of the burlesque on "Bret James and Henry Harte" are exceedingly good.—*The Tribune.*

THE good things of LIFE are appreciated by the journalists of the daily press, and are freely set forth, with due credit, for the delectation of the general company. LIFE is a good thing—a success, so far as the execution of the design of its founders goes. We trust it is holding its own, and getting forehanded in a financial way. "*Arx longa; vita brevis est*"—Life is short, Art is long—says the poet. But when LIFE and Art join hands and pull together, it is a strong partnership, and one that has earned a long lease of public favor.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

THE "Desperate Sweetness of Your Kiss," an expression in one of Philip Burke Marston's poems, reminds LIFE of Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion," and "what a certain Buffalo dramatic critic would probably term the incarnate delirium of a whirlwind. It will probably require the incarnation of a blizzard to cool down the American imitators of the Rossetti school to the temperament of respectable passion."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

LIFE has entered upon the second year of its existence under most favorable auspices. It is really a model of a humorous journal. Its pictures are always very good, and its humor is the brightest and gayest and pleasantest of the day. It is always refined, and never coarse or vulgar, and its success is matter for congratulation. Ask your newsdealer for LIFE, and if he does n't keep it, ask him to send for it.—*Burlington Free Press and Times.*

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UNHAPPY is the young man whose overcoat is with his uncle.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A PRIVATE "secretary"—The one in which the bottle is kept.—*Boston Star.*

LIFE is funnier than ever. Nearly every picture is a satire, and stale jokes are unknown in its pages. The New Year's cartoons are sharp, and the burlesques are of the raciest sort.—*Newark Journal.*

ONE of Wilkie Collins's latest popular tales is entitled "She Loves and She Lies." Wilkie would have shown more familiarity with human nature if he had put it "She Loves and He Lies."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

LIFE, New York. This week is proof that *Punch* has no monopoly of the humor that speaks in English. Its engravings are good, and the satire they contain is sharp. In droll prose and solemn sneering, and witty touches and whimsical verses, LIFE excels. Ten cents a number.—*Memphis Appeal, Tenn.*

A CANDIDATE for the Legislature in one of the Western States jumped about fourteen feet when a stump speaker who was electioneering for him observed that the eyes of his country were upon him. The candidate was subsequently arrested for embezzling trust funds in the East.—*Texas Siftings.*

LIFE, which is a very clever weekly publication in the humorous line, and widely copied throughout the land, has a cartoon this week representing about how Bartholdi's statue of Liberty will look when the pedestal is completed. Instead of a buxom damsel the statue is represented as a weakened, wrinkled old hag, whose scrawny arm can scarcely sustain the weight of the torch. In the background is seen the wreck of the East River bridge—worn out. There is a full measure of originality about the cartoon and a keen sarcasm which, as it affects no one in particular and everybody in general, will be duly appreciated.—*Newark Register.*

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"Yes, indeed," heartily responded the Justice; "quite a fine morning; in fact, a ten-dollar fine morning."

After this little pleasantry, the gentleman was booked for the "Black Maria," and the business of the court went on as usual.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### HERON COURTSHIP.

An observant young man while in Florida was struck with the human-like courtship of the heron. The females stand in a row and look unconcerned, while the males strut and dance and prance around on the sand like Saratoga dudes. Finally, one of the fair herons would smile on a dude heron, and away the pair would fly. All those left invariably began to cackle and chatter as soon as a match was announced, and sometimes a rival would pounce upon the lucky swain to wring his neck.—*Troy Times.*

The absence of the telephone was appreciated by some people in Boston. One man said:

"About once in two or three rings I get something like this:"

"Hello, George, dear!"

"Well, hello!"

"Baby just said 'goo, goo,' four times, and I know he wants you to come home to supper."

"Baby? Who in thunder do you think I am?"

"Are n't you No. 11,701?"

"Certainly not!! Good day!"

"Now you see that is an interruption to business."—*Boston Globe.*

### WESTERN ETIQUETTE.

When asked to take something, never refuse.—If you shoot a man by mistake for some one else, it is positively required that you call on the family immediately after the funeral and apologize.—It is not polite to crack jokes at the expense of a man who carries a self-cocking pistol.—Never carry a handkerchief in your hip pocket. Reaching for it may lead to misunderstandings.—At lynching bees the master of ceremonies has the exclusive right to designate those who are to help pull on the rope.—When suddenly stopped by road agents, and asked to hold up your hands, it is considered the height of impoliteness to refuse.—Strict etiquette now requires that at five o'clock teas all weapons shall be concealed under the coat or in the boots, the latter course being preferred, as bootlegs are handier to get at.—When invited to a party which you do not wish to attend, a card of regrets with C. A. O. on one corner will be sufficient. C. A. O. stands for "cartridges all out."—If you wish a man's permission to pay your addresses to his daughter, it is allowable to invite him to see you throw a bottle into the air and shoot a hole through the bottom without breaking the bottle before making your errand known.—When at church it is always—but it is not worth while to waste space giving this rule until the churches are built.—*Philadelphia Call.*



### HINDSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

"If I had only known!"

Said Bachelor Bobbs, with sorrowful groan.

As he writhed with the pain of his

fractured bone,

And turned in his bed with many a

moan—

"What a fool I was! I must sadly

own

"I must stay in this boarding-house

all alone.

"Though the landlady's heart is as hard as stone,

"Fifty dollars a week would be

"Solid comfort for suffering me."



"If I had only thought!"

Said Negative Nibbs:—"To be sure I ought!

"An Accident Policy I would have

bought.

"But a lasting lesson I have been

taught:—

"This time I certainly have been

caught.

"As I lie in bed

"With a broken head,

"And hear it said

"I was nearly dead,

"Oh! how I wish that I could see

"Fifty dollars a week for me!"



"If I had only gone!"

Said Troubled Tiggs, with a sigh forlorn,

"For that Accident Policy yester-morn

"Which I thought, as sure as I was

born,

"I would get; but now I'm laughed

to scorn

"By the fellows who say,

"Aha! Oho!

"Did n't you know

"Enough to go?

"Could n't you see

"The worth of an Accident

"Policy?"

"Oh! for something to guarantee

"Fifty dollars a week for me!"



"If I had only got!"

Said Griggs in his grief—"But alas! I did not—

"An ACCIDENT Policy;—sad is my lot!

"No comfort for me: I wonder what

"I can do when I'm well to make it hot

"For the rascally driver

"Who ran over me

"And laid me up

"With this twisted knee!

"Of luck it would be a pleasant streak

"If I now had fifty dollars a week."



"Hurrah! I was wise in time!

Says Julian Jack, with a joy sublime.

"Though I'm hurt, I can't help thinking it's prime

"To recover thus, with an easy time.

"I tried the UNITED STATES ACCIDENT plan,

"A capital scheme for a thrifty man:

"For now that I'm laid up here

in pain

"I have all the comforts a man

can ask,

"And getting well is a pleasant

task.

"And very happy am I to speak

"Of my regular fifty dollars a

week.

"And I say to you

"That the best you can do

"Is to go to-day

"To 320 Broadway

"And the premium pay

"For an Accident Policy—rich delight

"For the thrifty men with a clear foresight.



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